

One for My Baby

Frank Sinatra

It's quarter to three,
There's no one in the place except you and me
So set 'em' up Joe
I got a little story I othou know

We're drinking my friend, to the end
Of a brief episode
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

I know the routine
so drop another nickel in the machine
I'm feeling so bad
Wish you'd make the music pretty and sad

could tell you a lot,
but you've got to be true to your code
So make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

You'd never know it
but buddy I'm a kind of poet
And I've got a lot of things to say
And when I'm gloomy, you simply gotta listen to me
Till it's all talked away

Well, that's how it goes
And Joe I know you're gettin' pretty anxious to close
So Thanks for the cheer
I hope you didn't mind
My bending your ear

this torch that I've found
must be drowned
Or it's soon might explode
So make it one for my baby
And one more for the road